Philip Allen Bennett

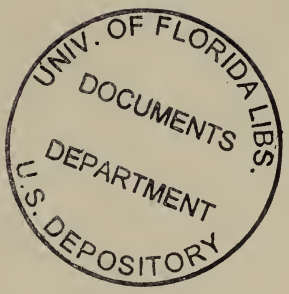
LATE A REPRESENTATIVE
FROM MISSOURI

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES
DELIVERED IN CONGRESS

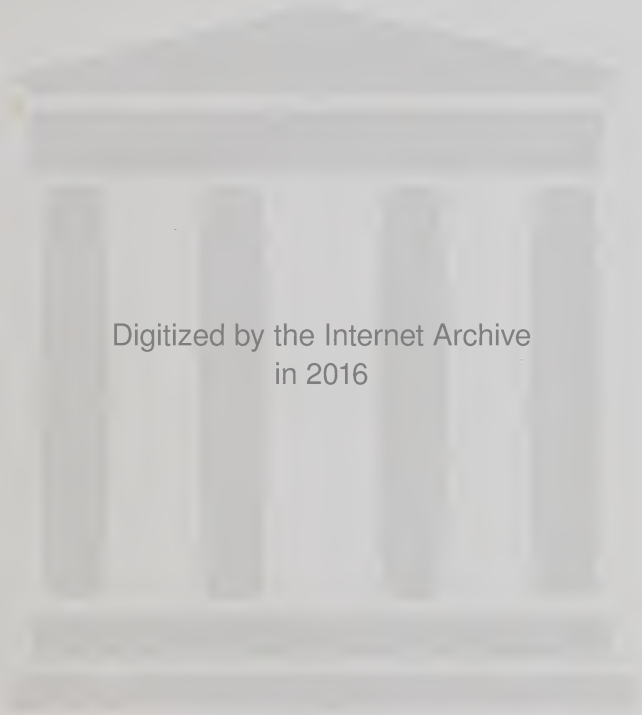
LC card
45-36284

UNIVERSITY
OF FLORIDA
LIBRARY

Y 7 1:1343



FLARE



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2016

https://archive.org/details/memorialservices00was_u02

Y 7.1:B43

Memorial Services

HELD IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
OF THE UNITED STATES, TOGETHER WITH
REMARKS PRESENTED IN EULOGY OF

Philip Allen Bennett

LATE A REPRESENTATIVE
FROM MISSOURI

Seventy-eighth Congress
First Session

UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE
WASHINGTON : 1945

B
B472u

PREPARED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
THE JOINT COMMITTEE ON PRINTING

Contents

	Page
Biography	5
Memorial services in the House:	
Memorial service program	11
Prayer by Rev. James Shera Montgomery	13
Roll of deceased Members, read by Mr. Irving W. Swanson, reading clerk of the House	15
Address by Mr. Clifton A. Woodrum, of Virginia	16
Address by Mr. Everett M. Dirksen, of Illinois	23
Benediction by the Chaplain	32
Memorial addresses:	
Mr. Louis E. Miller, of Missouri	35
Mr. William S. Hill, of Colorado	37
Mr. William P. Elmer, of Missouri	38
Mr. Clifford R. Hope, of Kansas	39
Mr. Raymond S. Springer, of Indiana	40
Mr. Marion T. Bennett, of Missouri	42
Mr. Joseph P. O'Hara, of Minnesota	45
Mr. Edwin Arthur Hall, of New York	47
Mr. Clarence Cannon, of Missouri	48
Mr. John M. Robsion, of Kentucky	49
Mr. Walter E. Ploeser, of Missouri	50
Funeral sermon by Rev. Barton A. Johnson	50
Eulogy by Mr. Dewey Short, of Missouri	55
Proceedings in the House:	
Prayer by the Chaplain	63
Tribute by Mr. Walter C. Ploeser, of Missouri	64
Tribute by Mr. John E. Rankin, of Mississippi	66
Tribute by Mr. Edward H. Rees, of Kansas	68
Tribute by Mr. C. Jasper Bell, of Missouri	69
Tribute by Mr. Daniel A. Reed, of New York	71
Tribute by Mr. Ross Rizley, of Oklahoma	71
Tribute by Mr. Earl C. Michener, of Michigan	72
Tribute by Mr. Oren S. Copeland, of Nebraska	73
Tribute by Mr. Paul Cunningham, of Iowa	73
Tribute by Mr. Frederick C. Smith, of Ohio	74
Tribute by Mr. William P. Lambertson, of Kansas	74
Tribute by Mr. William T. Pheiffer, of New York	74
Tribute by Mr. Ulysses S. Guyer, of Kansas	75
Proceedings in the Senate	81

12/10/45 U.S. Govt. Depository

183246

Biography

PHILIP ALLEN BENNETT was born on a farm near Buffalo, Dallas County, Mo., March 5, 1881; attended the public schools and the Buffalo (Mo.) High School; was graduated from the Springfield (Mo.) Normal and Business College in 1902; taught school at Independence, Mo., in 1899 and Boyd, Mo., in 1900; purchased the Buffalo (Mo.) Reflex, which he edited and published 1904–21; chairman of the Dallas County, Mo., Republican Committee for 8 years; delegate to the Republican National Convention at Chicago in 1912; served in the State senate 1921–25; moved to Springfield, Mo., in 1922 and engaged in the real-estate and loan business; Federal Land Bank appraiser 1923–25; Lieutenant Governor of Missouri 1925–29; unsuccessful candidate for the Republican nomination for Governor in 1928; engaged in the insurance and loan business; unsuccessful candidate for election in 1938 to the Seventy-sixth Congress; elected as a Republican to the Seventy-seventh Congress, and served from January 3, 1941, until his death before the close of the Seventy-seventh Congress; had been reelected to the Seventy-eighth Congress; died in Washington, D. C., December 7, 1942; interment in Hazelwood Cemetery, Springfield, Mo.

In the House of Representatives

FRIDAY, *May 7, 1943.*

Mr. MURDOCK. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent for the immediate consideration of House Resolution 231.

The Clerk read the resolution, as follows:

Resolved, That on Wednesday, the 26th day of May 1943, immediately after the approval of the Journal, the House shall stand at recess for the purpose of holding the memorial services as arranged by the Committee on Memorials, under the provisions of clause 40–A of Rule XI. The order of exercises and proceedings of the service shall be printed in the Congressional Record, and all Members shall have leave to extend their remarks in the Congressional Record until the last issue of the Record of the first session of the Seventy-eighth Congress, on the life, character, and public service of the deceased Members. At the conclusion of the proceedings the Speaker shall call the House to order, and then, as a further mark of respect to the memories of the deceased, he shall declare the House adjourned.

* * * * *

The resolution was agreed to.

Memorial Services
in the
House of Representatives

Seventy-eighth Congress
First Session

Memorial Service Program

Prelude, sacred selections (11:30 to 11:45)
United States Marine Band Orchestra

Presiding Officer_____ The Speaker of the House of Representatives

Invocation_____ The Chaplain, Dr. James Shera Montgomery

There Is No Death (Geoffrey O'Hara)_____ Doris Doe

Scripture reading and prayer_____ The Chaplain

Roll of deceased Members
The Clerk of the House of Representatives

Devotional silence

Goin' Home (Anton Dvorak)_____ Doris Doe
New World Symphony

Address_____ Hon. Clifton A. Woodrum
Representative from the State of Virginia

Address_____ Hon. Everett M. Dirksen
Representative from the State of Illinois

Hymn_____ Doris Doe

Taps_____ Sgt. William Lamb

Benediction_____ The Chaplain

Philip Allen Bennett

Memorial Services

WEDNESDAY, *May 26, 1943.*

The SPEAKER of the House of Representatives (Mr. Rayburn) presided.

The CHAPLAIN, Rev. Dr. James Shera Montgomery, offered the following prayer:

May the words of our mouths and the meditations of our hearts be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, our strength and our Redeemer.

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul; He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin:

And yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which today is, and tomorrow is cast in the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?

Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me.

In My Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto Myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.

Peace, I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you.

"Yet Love will dream and Faith will trust
(Since He who knows our need is just),
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned in hours of faith
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own."

"Still, still with Thee when purple morning breaketh
When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than daylight
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee.

"When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eyes look up to Thee in prayer
Sweet the repose beneath Thy wings o'er shading,
But sweeter still to wake and find Thee there.

"So shall it be at last in that bright morning,
When the soul waketh and life's shadows flee;
O in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee."

Heavenly Father, our minds are arrested as we pause to meditate upon the brevity of this life and the immortality of the human soul. Again the silver cord is loosened, the golden bowl is broken, the pitcher at the fountain, and the wheel at the cistern. As life and death walk the ways of earth, we rejoice that the pulse-throb of eternity is mighty within us and that mortality cannot kill the unconquerable soul. Accept our deepest praise for Thy providential care which towers above the horizons of human need, revealing the ultimate blessing to those who pass this way. O God, would that our lips were nigh to full speech, that faith eternal and hope wondering and pensive could give expression to their fullest and most secret joys.

The workman dies, but the work goes on; today we give grateful tribute to those whose brotherly companionship we have shared. They rose to high levels of conscientious thinking, of patriotic devotion, and have bequeathed to their generation those strong, manly virtues, enduring and altogether worthy of emulation. Blessed Lord, give us courage in all that is good, aversion to all that is evil, and power to resist all temptation. To all who are in sorrow and all who tarry here, be like music floating through the highlands, like a sweet fragrance wafted over the valleys, and ever like a soft shaft of light breaking through the clouds and Thine shall be the praise forever—through Christ, our Saviour. Amen.

Doris Doe sang, There Is No Death (Geoffrey O'Hara).

ROLL OF DECEASED MEMBERS

Mr. Irving W. Swanson, reading clerk of the House, read the following roll:

Frank Henry Buck, Third Congressional District of California: Born September 23, 1887; lawyer; businessman; fruit grower and farmer; received degree of bachelor of letters, University of California, 1908, and degree of bachelor of laws, Harvard University,

1911; delegate to the Democratic National Conventions in 1928, 1936, and 1940; Member of the Seventy-third, Seventy-fourth, Seventy-fifth, Seventy-sixth, and Seventy-seventh Congresses; died September 17, 1942.

PHILIP ALLEN BENNETT, Sixth Congressional District of Missouri: Born March 5, 1881; educator; editor and publisher; businessman; graduated from the Springfield (Mo.) Normal and Business College, 1902; delegate to the Republican National Convention in 1912; member of the State senate, 1921–25; served as Lieutenant Governor of Missouri, 1925–29; Member of the Seventy-seventh Congress and Member-elect of the Seventy-eighth Congress; died December 7, 1942.

HARRY LANE ENGLEBRIGHT, Second Congressional District of California: Born January 2, 1884; mining engineer; attended grammar and high schools and the University of California; mineral inspector for the field division of the general land office and engineer for the State Conservation Commission of California, 1911–14; member of the American Mining Congress; Member of the Sixty-ninth to Seventy-eighth Congresses; served as minority whip, Seventy-third to Seventy-eighth Congresses; died May 13, 1943.

Mrs. NORTON, a Representative from the State of New Jersey, standing in front of the Speaker's rostrum, placed a memorial rose in a vase as the name of each deceased Member was read by the Clerk.

Then followed 1 minute of devotional silence.

Doris Doe sang, Goin' Home (Anton Dvorak).

Hon. CLIFTON A. WOODRUM, a Representative from the State of Virginia, delivered the following address:

ADDRESS BY HON. CLIFTON A. WOODRUM

Mr. SPEAKER: Once again we meet to bow in reverence and awe to the inevitable visitation of the Grim Reaper. Since we last met upon such an occasion he has been in our midst—before we shall meet again he will return—not once, but again and again—to the great, the humble, the rich and the poor, the old and the young. To each he shall return in his own appointed time.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath;
And stars to set,
But thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh Death!

And so on this day of memory, we recall with deep and tender emotion those colleagues whom we have "loved and lost awhile."

This ceremony is essentially one of deep emotion and feeling. As we gather here the years pass before us in panorama—friends and dearly loved ones—great, warm souls that brightened our lives as they passed by. There they go, one by one. Each with his own individuality, his charm, his spirit, his frailties, perhaps. They were our friends and companions. Their lives and experiences furnished the varicolored strands that when woven into the completed form have made the fabric of life. As each life has touched our own, there has been left some tender thought, some sweet recollection.

This occasion must impress us with the inevitable certainty of time—the ticking clock, the chimes in the tower, the fast falling pages from the calendar upon the wall, the bending form, the faltering touch, the failing step. These tell us that time marches on and takes his passing toll.

In the year just passed, three of our colleagues have answered the last roll call. Each in his own appointed time heard the fall of the gavel, and the stern voice of the Speaker, "The time of the gentleman has expired." We miss them today.

In addition to these comrades, we have lost from this body two of the most distinguished and colorful colaborers—Joseph J. Sinnott and William Tyler Page. For many, many years these two distinguished public servants wrought and labored in the service of their country. Today we salute their memory. Their names deserve and shall have a place high on the scroll of those who have rendered valuable public service.

As we turn back the pages of memory and recall that never-ending throng that all too quickly passes through these portals, I think we must often feel that we do not embrace the full opportunity to really know and appreciate each other. We are so busy—official acts are so demanding—we just haven't the time. Ah, my comrades, do we not often in our mad rush day in and day out, miss some of the real solace and joy of this service by not knowing each other better?

We nodded as we passed each day
And smiled and went along our way;
I knew his name, and he knew mine,
But neither of us made a sign
That we possessed a common tie;
We barely spoke as we passed by.

How fine he was I never guessed,
The splendid soul within his breast
I never saw. From me was hid
The manly kindly deeds he did.
His gentle ways I didn't know
Or I'd have claimed him long ago.

Then trouble came to me one day
And he was first to come and say
The cheering words I longed to hear;
He offered help, and standing near
I felt our lives in sorrow blend,
My neighbor had become my friend.

How many smiles from day to day
I've missed along my narrow way;
How many kindly words I've lost,
What joy has my indifference cost!
This glorious friend that now I know,
Would have been friendly years ago.

The bud but very little shows
To tell the beauty of the rose,
And him we greet in passing by
With scarce a nod, the day we sigh,
May blossom as the storms descend
With all the beauty of a friend.

—*Edgar A. Guest.*

As name after name of our departed colleagues has been called here today, our memories have been traveling back to many scenes and incidents connected with our associations and their service in this body. We felt the impression of his activities and watched his labor in the interest of the cause he espoused. But, my brethren, imperceptibly at times, silently often, but always surely and inevitably, the passing years take their toll. Under the heavy load and strain we saw that once agile form bend under its burden; the eye that once sparkled with ambition grow dim with the strain, and the raven locks yield to the biting frosts of passing winters; and one day we were saddened by the news that this friend, this comrade, this colaborer, had answered the last roll call, had embarked upon life's greatest adventure. We had witnessed, my friends, the drama and tragedy of life, with its sunshine and shadows, its hopes and disappointments, its victories and defeats, its life and death.

There is no more honorable mission than to be chosen to represent a constituency in the United States House of Representatives. It is an honor that may well be coveted by our fellow citizens. The Congress is the most distinctly representative legislative body in the world. Here we find literally and actually a cross section of the American people. Every school of thought, every political philosophy has in this Hall its representative, as it has the right to have. If we at times seem to be in confusion and wandering in a wilderness of conflicting objectives, then it is largely because the American people are unsettled and undetermined. This Congress is just what the American people wish it to be. Individually and collectively, its membership compares most favorably with any other group of American citizens. Upon the roster of the Congress we find the names of men who have been leaders in the business, professional, and the commercial life of the Nation as well as those who have served their communities and their States and the Nation in places of high honor and great responsibility, both the judicial and the executive

branches of government. Every type and every calling is represented here. Let us not forget for an instant that every Member of this House holds his commission only because a majority of the citizens of his district, entitled to suffrage, desired that he represent them. He will be kept here or retired, rewarded or condemned, according to whether that same constituency shall feel that he has served them well or ill. This is representative government in its truest sense. So long as that continues, the Republic is safe. It seems to be a popular pastime to ridicule and criticize the national legislative body. It is always open season on Congress. I suppose this is no different today from what it has been in other days; nor do I make any complaint. Undoubtedly, we often deserve and merit criticism.

Unquestionably, the casual visitor in our galleries, noting a scarcity of attendance, a lack of interest, and oftentimes bedlam and confusion will form a very erroneous and unjustifiable opinion of this body and its work. He perhaps has not taken into consideration the fact that the speeches being made upon the floor, under the rule of general debate, have little relation to the legislation under consideration, and that the particular bill or resolution, which will ultimately pass, and probably without contest, has been the subject of weeks and months of careful thought and patient study by a responsible committee of the House. He does not take into account the fact that the real work, the determining battles are in committee work, and that often the issues are settled before the legislation comes up for consideration. There may be found in the Membership some of the most conscientious and hard-working men I have ever known—men who literally grind out and spend their very life's energy in an effort to serve. We are made up of just plain human beings, with all of the frailties and imperfections of the race. I do say, however, that the Membership of this House individually are men of honor and capacity, striving, according to their own

individual opinions and the understanding that they have to serve their constituents and their country; and I say very deliberately and emphatically that if you give this House the true facts, and sufficient time for deliberate and orderly consideration, its ultimate determinations will generally be in keeping with American ideals and for the best interests of our people.

As I meditated upon this occasion, my mind went back 18 years to a day when a great man stood upon the Speaker's rostrum, about to relinquish voluntarily the high robes and office of the Speaker of the House of Representatives. The day was March 4, 1925, and Mr. Speaker Gillett, of Massachusetts, was leaving the House of Representatives after 32 years of service to accept a commission as a Member of the United States Senate. Today, as I have done before, I commend to you, my colleagues, the entire remarks of Mr. Speaker Gillett on that occasion. For the purposes of this ceremony, however, I desire to quote briefly from his address:

> It is the fashion to sneer at Congress, as it always has been the fashion, and I have no doubt always will be, because Congress is expected by legislation to put into concrete and definite form the hazy and contradictory ideals of the people, and as realization generally falls short of expectation, "as man never is but always to be blest," so congressional action must always be disappointing. * * *
>
> This House becomes in time a pretty infallible judge of a Member's merit. It learns to appraise motives. It discriminates between the modest men who with sincerity are trying to render service and the men who are working only for display and self-advancement.
>
> And it is refreshing to note that although the home folks may often be deceived by the fake statesman who is always playing to the gallery, yet the sincere and industrious and modest man has his recognition and reward. I would deem the genuine esteem and respect and confidence of this body the highest tribute a man could earn. * * *
>
> You may remember when first elected Speaker I said that I had attained the goal of my desires and my ambition was completely satisfied. I feel exactly now as I did then. Thanks to you, my friends, my enjoyment of it has been equal to my anticipation. I would rather be Speaker of this House than hold any other position

in the world, and it was no ambition or initiative of my own that led me to relinquish it.

Such, my friends, were the sober reflections of a great man who had rendered a great service to his country.

Service in the Congress of the United States at this critical hour carries a great responsibility. Decisions are being made that may vitally affect the very perpetuity of our institutions. This service calls for courage.

I sought from Socrates, the sage,
Whose thoughts will live through every age
A motto to direct my life,
A hero make me in the strife
Socrates said, "Know thyself."

To know myself would not suffice,
To make me truly great and wise,
I sought Aurelius, good and great,
Wise ruler of the Roman State—
Aurelius said, "Control thyself."

O Nazarene, Thou who didst give Thy life
That men might truly live—
What motto dost Thou leave for me,
That I may truly follow Thee?
The Master said "Deny thyself."

Deny thyself—self-sacrifice, self-abnegation. A willingness to spend and be spent for one's country. A willingness, if need be, to lay our political ambitions upon the altar of sacrifice. That is the call of the hour in this body. It matters not too much how long I serve here. It may matter very much what I do while here. May we not upon this occasion when we pay tribute to our friends of yesterday, resolve in our hearts to rededicate our efforts to this great job at hand.

Time moves on apace, my friends. Seasons come and go, but a quick swing of the horolog of time, and other voices, will resound in this sacred Chamber.

Those friends of yesteryear have gone—on what voyage, or to what shore, I know not. But I am a follower of the faith

that believes they have reached a harbor where there is anchorage safe from storm and gale. Toward that harbor of peace and rest, all of us do devoutly turn our eyes.

Sometime at eve, when the tide is low,
I shall slip my moorings and sail away,
With no response to the friendly hail
Of kindred craft in the busy bay.
In the silent hush of the twilight pale,
When the night swoops down to embrace the day,
And the voices call in the water's flow—
Sometime at eve, when the tide is low,
I shall slip my moorings and sail away.

Through purple shades that darkly trail
O'er the ebbing tide of the unknown sea,
I shall fare me away with a dip of sail
And a ripple of waters to tell the tale
Of a lonely voyager, sailing away
To mystic isles, where at anchor lay
The craft of those who have sailed before,
O'er the unknown sea to the unseen shore.

A few who have watched me sail away
Will miss my craft from the busy bay;
Some friendly barks that were anchored near,
Some loving souls that my heart held dear,
In silent sorrow will drop a tear.
But I shall have peacefully furled my sail
In moorings sheltered from storm and gale,
And greeted the friends who have sailed before
O'er the unknown sea to the unseen shore.

Hon. EVERETT M. DIRKSEN, a Representative from the State of Illinois, delivered the following address:

ADDRESS BY HON. EVERETT M. DIRKSEN

DAY FOR REMEMBRANCE

Mr. SPEAKER: We meet for remembrance.

What a divine endowment it is.

It is one of the most ennobling attributes of mind and spirit.

What tragedy if we could not remember.

Suppose each moment and the substance of each moment were blacked out when it had been spent on the wings of time.

How impoverished would be the spirit if we could not recall the echoes of some lilting refrain when the last note had died away?

If we could not recall the refreshing melody of some stirring hymn which gave fire to the soul and resolve to the heart?

If we could not recall the tenderness of a caressing hand on a fevered brow?

If we could not recall a soft whisper of long ago that spoke of love and hope?

If we could not recall a gentle voice which was like a spring-scented zephyr to a weary spirit?

If we could recall no golden smile, which like a lovely sunburst, warmed all within its aura?

If we could not recall a noble deed, the very doing of which brought a new faith in the dignity and goodness of man?

If we could not conjure up the gracious fellowship of a good man, whether great or humble, whose very goodness was like an elixir to ebbing hope.

If we had no power to reach into the inexhaustible storehouse of remembrance to order forth a gaily caparisoned cavalcade of sweet and gracious and lovely memories of men and deeds, smiles and laughter, of melodies and voices, of tenderness and goodness to rekindle waning hope, surcharge faith, and make plain the continuity of past and present, of present and future?

Remembrance is the light which makes the way ahead less tortuous and lonely.

It makes us kin to the endless pattern of the Republic.

It makes us a fixed part of the golden tapestry of mankind, for in that tapestry we too have been privileged to weave a golden thread.

As we meet for remembrance of those who for a brief time have slipped away from this Chamber, we pay testimony to that divine gift of memory which makes us a part of all that has gone before, and gives hope that we shall be a part of all that comes after.

THE QUEST FOR ASSURANCE

There can be no memorial without the living and the dead.

What shall we the living find in this memorial?

We can find comfort, faith, hope, and inspiration.

Since time's dawn, men have sought comfort in the hour of transition from the known to the unknown.

The afflicted Job, surrounded by Zophar, Bildad, and Eliphaz, contemplated the end of all things and then phrased the deathless question: "If a man die, shall he live again?"

From the unlettered cave man to the scholarly philosopher has come that eternal question.

It is echoed at every graveside.

It tumbles through the thoughts of all the world at Eastertide, when the earth is touched with the sweet breath of resurrection and men ask, "If a man die, shall he live again?"

COMFORT

A swelling faith choruses the answer.

Today, in remembrance, we find comfort in the conviction that our colleagues live, and live again.

They whisper to us from the crannies and vaulted spaces of this Chamber.

Their hushed whispers respond to every calling of the roll.

They are a deathless part of the endless stream of our national life.

Consider the host which has gone before—which has marched through the legislative design of this Republic!

Consider the golden stars, woven in deathless luster upon the flag of this House by the hand of time and what pride it evokes in the continuity of the Republic.

Stars are there for Madison, Monroe, and Randolph.

Stars are there for Muhlenberg and Baldwin.

Stars are there for Harrison and Breckinridge.

Stars are there for Calhoun, Clay, and Webster.

Stars are there for Sherman and Blaine, for Lovejoy and Stephens.

Stars are there for Hoar and Garfield and McKinley.

A burnished star is there for Lincoln.

Stars are there for Reed and Gillette, for Crisp and Clark, for Wadsworth and Cochran.

Stars are there for Underwood and Payne, for Mann and Madden, for James and Sherley, for Vreeland and Longworth.

Stars are there for Rainey, Byrns, and Bankhead.

Stars are there for each generation.

Short days ago time's hand has woven other stars upon the banner of this body—the stars of FRANK BUCK, PHILIP BENNETT, and HARRY ENGLEBRIGHT.

They are a part of the imperishable genius of the Nation.

Each in his own way has impressed himself upon the institutions and the welfare of this our common country.

With delicate tracery, each has woven his golden thread upon the design of our living and forsook the loom only for a brief while when touched by the moving finger.

How enriching to the spirit to find comfort in remembrance of them.

From this remembrance comes belief in the abiding truth that human personality is indestructible.

It is but transmuted into a new and living force at a spiritual level.

The Creator creates all and destroys nothing.

From a plane I have looked down upon Pentagon and Panama, upon Empire State and Mount Rushmore, upon Boulder Dam, and T. V. A.

What massive monuments they are to human ingenuity.

Yet basically no part of these was created by the hand of man.

Man but took what the mystic force of creation provided, transmuted it into new forms, new shapes, new compounds.

None of it did he create.

None of it can he destroy.

Stone may be wrenched from stone, but still they remain stones.

Wood and fiber, metal and alloy may be burned or consumed, but it is only transmuted into a new force, a new energy.

The falling leaf becomes the plant food for a lovely flower.

Thus does nature follow her own cycle of indestructibility.

Who can believe that human personality, fashioned in the image of the Creator can be destroyed, can be lost, can be blacked out and extinguished forever?

Everywhere about us is the shining proof that they live to perfect the work which they have undertaken and thus in the hour of remembrance we find comfort.

RESURRECTION IS THE RULE OF LIFE

Resurrection is the rule of life.

Look from the window of this Capitol upon the magnificence of nature and there find the answer to Job's question.

But a brief while ago, the earth was brown and sere.

And lo! there came the mystical magic of the resurrection.

It is the miracle of spring, the irresistible conqueror.

Spring zephyrs caress the inviting bosom of the earth and new life swells.

Trees have been pruned and scrubbed by snow and rain and and wind. The sap rises. Swelling buds unfold with dainty leaves. Winter's sleep is over. The new life is at hand.

There comes the grass like a green mantle over all the earth.

Lilac and syringa, hydrangea, and azalea extend their slender arms in suppliance to a mystic power and then comes fulfillment of the promise of new life.

Star flower and wake-robin, tulip and pansy, violet and honeysuckle flaunt their majesty upon each passer-by like a colorful salute to departing winter and a new life.

The holiness of beauty is at hand.

In this magnificent panoply there is resurgent hope, a new faith.

Here is the rule of life.

It is the resurrection.

It brings comfort in this hour of remembrance.

As one beholds this majesty of new life in the domain of all nature, can he believe that the end of human personality, of human fellowship, and human endeavor is but a dismal blackout?

Can he believe that the mystic force which sheds its beneficence upon the earth as the sun crosses the vernal equinox, cannot awaken human personality that it might carry on its work at a higher unseen level?

This is the ordered majesty of the universe which brings comfort and affords the answer to the query of Job.

FAITH

In this hour of remembrance, we find precious comfort in the continuity of all things living and in the conviction that dust is not the goal.

But we find something more.

We find a resolute and stimulating faith to carry on in a tumultuous world.

From the first day of the first Congress of the Republic, we have been beset with problems foreign and domestic.

Without precedent or example, our legislative predecessors were confronted with the problem of spelling out the newfound powers of the Constitution.

They saw the Nation expand.

They saw a centrifugal force hurl a growing population toward the Alleghenies, toward the Mississippi, toward the Rockies, toward the placid Pacific, and saw the frontier close upon itself.

With this expansion came problems of transport and communication, of agriculture and the public domain, of commerce and industry.

They saw the phenomenon of a centripetal force siphon families and individuals into growing centers of population

and bring with it problems of subsistence, security, and protection.

In their generation, as in ours, there came for solution the unsolved problems of the Constitution, bringing with them bloody conflict and a more compact Union.

Each of the thousands in that shadowy host who have gone before and for whom a star is fixed upon the banner of this body, met the problems of his own generation, in his own good way and so contributed to the march of national progress.

FRANK BUCK, PHILIP BENNETT, and HARRY ENGLEBRIGHT, each in proportion to his light and talent, fought the good fight. Each met the issues of his day and generation with resolution and courage and so joined that galaxy of redoubtable souls who for more than 150 years have given direction and force to the progress of our country.

Quietly and unobtrusively they labored diligently in the common cause.

From them we find a revitalized faith to carry on and do our share.

These are days for men with faith, with courage, and with vision, who can catch the sound of the universal voice.

The Lord, speaking from the fiery mist to a prostrate Ezekiel, said: "Son of man, stand upon thy feet and I will speak with thee."

With faith born of remembrance, we shall stand boldly upright and carry on.

HOPE

In this hour of remembrance we find comfort and faith. But we find something more. We find hope. It is the greatest of all spiritual forces. How vital it is in a dark hour.

I think of Abraham Lincoln, standing on the balcony of a hotel in Washington watching the troops go by, and then saying to a stripling girl who had been presented to him, "My child, what a world we live in today."

We can reecho that sentiment. What a world we live in today.

There is the tramp of a hundred million booted feet, the drone of planes, the swish of tin fish, and the roar of guns. Millions of young bodies have been bruised to eternal sleep.

The casualty lists are at once messages of glory and of sorrow and despair.

The ordeal of battle brings with it sacrifices, dislocations, and maladjustments, which completely reorder and reshape our daily living.

Like incredulous children, we take account of increasing expenditures, mounting debt, regimentation, and the ever-growing dislocations in our economic structure.

As we envision that future day when the stalwart sons of America return from far-flung battle lines and the healing processes of peace are resumed, we grow apprehensive over the solvency of the world, the integrity of our own institutions and the perpetuity of the Republic and its traditions.

We are assailed with doubts and fears of the future.

And then in remembrance of those who have gone before, we find hope.

They, too, encountered fears and doubts in other days.

They met each doubt and fear, each problem and situation, with courage and resolve, and the Nation still lives.

The annals of other days are redolent with gloom and despair.

One hundred and six years ago a Louisiana publication observed that "all is darkness, doubt, and despair."

Eighty-five years ago one could have read in Harpers that "Not in the lifetime of most men who read this paper has there ever been so much grave and deep apprehension."

Seventy years ago one could have read in a New York newspaper that "There are those who believe that the days of the Republic are numbered."

Fifty years ago one might have read in a New York editorial that "The perspective of the year is a study of shadow and prevailing gloom."

Thirty-five years ago there appeared in a leading publication the observation that "The ship of state is on the verge of sinking."

Only 5 years ago an editorial stated that "It was a twelvemonth of gloom, uncertainty, and apprehension. Are there still men of good will? Perhaps; but they are hard to find."

Here is the recurring pattern of fear and doubt, spread over 100 years of national life.

But the Nation still lives. And the Nation will live.

From the pages of history and from the fellowship of our beloved colleagues we shall find a stimulating hope to aid us in resolving the doubts of today and the fears of tomorrow.

When conflict becomes wearisome; when the fatigued spirit cries for relief; when faith is bruised and the cup of frustration seems full to overflowing; when the way is dark and the future seems but a yawning void, let us but think of them and of the glorious tradition to which they belong and find a resplendent and invigorating hope with which to meet the problems before us and do our full part to preserve the heritage which is ours.

INSPIRATION

In remembrance we find comfort, we find faith, and we find hope.

But we find something more. It is inspiration.

What would they have us do?

If they could speak from the vastness of their shadowy world, what would they say?

They would with all the fervor which comes from a larger perspective enjoin upon us the defense of freedom as the only true moral climate in which there can be true progress.

They would have us preserve the Republic in a world where the virus of total government is at work.

They would have us requite the sacrifices for freedom abroad with a determined defense of freedom at home.

They would have us search our souls for the way which leads to better living through real brotherhood.

They would have us sternly pursue the moral law and stand on that side which is right and just.

They would have us affirm and reaffirm our courage and capacity to bring about a better world.

They would have us seek enduring peace by giving peace a chance to endure.

They would have us sing God Bless America and work to make it worthy of every blessing.

With rapture born of fervor and high purpose, they would have us say:

Our father's God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing.
Long may our land be bright,
With freedom's holy light,
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

Doris Doe sang Consolation (S. Webbe).

Taps was sounded by Sgt. William Lamb.

The Chaplain, Rev. James Shera Montgomery, D. D., pronounced the benediction:

The Lord bless you and keep you, the Lord make His face to shine upon you and be gracious unto you, the Lord lift the light of His countenance upon you and give you peace, both now and evermore. Through Jesus Christ, our Lord and our Saviour. Amen.

Memorial Addresses
on
Philip Allen Bennett

64569—45——3

Philip Allen Bennett

Remarks by Representative Miller

Of Missouri

Mr. SPEAKER: Little did I realize when I spent a few enjoyable hours with PHIL BENNETT last December that today I would be paying a simple tribute to the memory of that lovable and admirable man.

I first came to know him when he was a candidate for the nomination for Governor of the State of Missouri. He had previously served his State with distinction, first as State senator, and later as Lieutenant Governor. Since then I knew him as a business executive in St. Louis and then as a Member of this body.

The positions of eminence in which the people of my State placed him is the most eloquent testimonial of their faith in and their fondness for him. His splendid character, his keen mind, and his kind heart combined to account for his distinguished position among contemporary Missourians.

PHIL BENNETT was a Christian gentleman. He loved decency and practiced it; he despised hypocrisy and condemned it; he held strong opinions and had the intellectual courage to sustain them.

> Sculptors of life are we
> With our own lives uncarved before us
> Awaiting the hour when at God's command
> Our life dream passes o'er us.

When the life dream described by Oliver Wendell Holmes passed over PHIL BENNETT he awoke to find himself standing ready to chisel from the impenetrable to be, a living, breathing monument of integrity and truth. To have dreamed a dream, to have striven for the attainment of that vision and

then to have at last come into a small degree of realization of one's ideals is a combination of pleasure and grief that fills the cup of the average individual. This was true of PHIL BENNETT. He had just reached life's high noon, when evening shadows suddenly fell across his pathway. He had brought to this House the rich experience of ripe legislative years. His deep devotion to his country and his constant concern for her welfare in this difficult hour made him a real sentinel in the watchtowers of our Republic. He was truly a public servant—laboring tirelessly and indefatigably for the people and the causes he loved. PHIL BENNETT loved his fellow men; this was the touchstone of his life, the secret of his success and his influence.

The honors that life heaped upon him did not make him haughty, and adversity could not make him despair. He had felt sunshine and sorrow, but this merely blended and balanced his noble nature.

He was incorruptible and honest. He was sincere and dependable. In any contest he was a worthy opponent, in any society he was genial and charming company, and in any life his was a friendship worth forming and keeping.

I shall always cherish with fondest recollection his memory and try to feebly emulate the fine example of his life and the high standard of public service which he has set. His death coming at any time would have been a tragedy. However, coming as it did, in the zenith of his life and as he was approaching the fullness of his capacity to serve, makes the loss to Missouri and the Nation more irreparable and profound. He leaves behind him perhaps the supreme achievement attainable by any man—a legacy of love and respect by all who knew him.

In the faith that I have I utter the sincere prayer that when his dying eyes began to read the mystic meaning of death he heard in the silence of the receding night the great waves breaking upon the farther shore, and upon his wasted brow he has already felt the breath of eternal happiness.

Remarks by Representative Hill

Of Colorado

Mr. SPEAKER: I wish to join in paying tribute today to the memory of my late friend and colleague, Congressman PHIL A. BENNETT, of Missouri. Congressman BENNETT came into the Seventy-seventh Congress when I did. I soon became personally acquainted with him and he was one of the very first Members I was to personally know and visit with regularly during the entire session of the Seventy-seventh Congress.

Congressman BENNETT stood for everything that is finest and best in American tradition. He understood people. He had a fine, clear understanding of what a democracy should be and at all times he was willing to make the extreme effort to see that his share was contributed in the promotion of a free government.

His outstanding ability and his sterling qualities won him, in the short time he was a member of Congress, the grand esteem and the complete respect of every Member of the House. It was a privilege to know and to work with Congressman BENNETT. It was a great shock and a real disappointment to his friends to learn of his sudden passing. He had a great future in the Congress. Congressman BENNETT worked constantly in season and out of season for the people of his district. He was a conscientious Congressman and labored for his people as if his very life demanded that he give them this service. He understood men and understood the motives that moved them. He loved his country. He loved our institutions and was willing to give and to serve his people even at the risk of his own health. It was a great loss to the people of the Sixth District of Missouri. I am sure that we are all appreciative of the fact that it was an opportunity for us to have known this good man, and to his wife and children I extend my deepest sympathy and trust a kind Providence will give them the spirit and the heart to continue on in the service of their country.

Remarks by Representative Elmer

Of Missouri

Mr. SPEAKER: I knew PHIL BENNETT. We lived in the old Sixteenth Congressional District of Missouri and were closely associated together in political and official matters for many years. I served with him in the Missouri General Assembly while he was State Senator, and later Lieutenant Governor. I supported him when he ran for his party nomination for Governor in 1928. During his long years of public service he was devoted to the interest of his people. Not a dishonest act was ever charged against him. Political scandals rocked the State from border to border and involved many, yet not a breath of it ever tarnished his good name. The people trusted him. That is why he was elected to this House in 1940 and reelected by a greater vote in 1942. His untimely death deprived me of the privilege of serving with him in this great body of men and women. I fully intended to rely upon his good judgment and honesty of purpose as a guide in the discharge of my duties here. His faithful and honest record gave a living and forceful power to the candidacy of his son, our colleague, the gentleman from Missouri, Marion Bennett, at the special election in January 1943 that enabled him to carry every county in the Sixth District by an overwhelming majority. It has been my good fortune to know PHIL BENNETT as a friend and the good fortune of Missouri to have him for one of her able sons.

Remarks by Representative Hope

Of Kansas

Mr. SPEAKER: Once again we have met to pay tribute to those of our associates who have passed to the great beyond during the last year. Among them is PHILIP A. BENNETT, or PHIL BENNETT as he was known to all of us. PHIL BENNETT'S service in this body was not long as the years go, but during his brief time here his agreeable and lovable personality, his keen intellect, his patriotism and his devotion to the public service made him an outstanding member.

PHIL BENNETT came here after a distinguished record of public service in his own State. He brought to this Body a valuable background of legislative training and a knowledge of public questions which can be acquired only through long experience. Aside from his public service PHIL BENNETT as an editor and citizen wielded wide influence in his State, of which he was a native son and a lifelong resident.

I am sorry that I did not have the privilege of knowing PHIL BENNETT for a longer span of years. His passing was to me a distinct personal loss. I shall always remember him as an outstanding American, a Christian gentleman, and a sincere friend.

Remarks by Representative Springer

Of Indiana

Mr. SPEAKER: As we face a deep sense of personal loss, I rise to express my humble tribute to the life, character, and achievements of my fine and devoted friend, the late PHILIP ALLEN BENNETT, of Missouri. It is a very high privilege to have extended to me the opportunity of bearing witness to the high esteem and the deep and abiding affection which our colleague of former days was held by the Members of the House of Representatives, and with that treasured memory before me I speak these few words in tribute of him who was a good citizen, a great patriot, a constant humanitarian, an outstanding statesman, and a fine and loyal friend.

Representative PHILIP ALLEN BENNETT loved the State of Missouri; he had the distinct honor of representing one of the districts of that great State; he loved the entire area of that great commonwealth of Missouri, and her people; the people were his friends, and he, likewise, was their friend. It was among them that he met and faced the vicissitudes and the pleasantries of life—he toiled among them—there he wended his way to fame and fortune—there he aided so materially in the molding of public opinion and the prevailing sentiment of the people. He rubbed shoulders with the common people. Their problems were his problems, and their sorrows were his sorrows. Thus, he became deep-rooted in his great and enduring affection for those about him. The people of his great State soon learned that he was a stalwart and loyal friend in whom they could repose their every trust and confidence.

When he first came to the House of Representatives, I soon became acquainted with my friend. We had our frequent conferences; I learned that he was greatly distressed because of the growing threat of war, and he was likewise greatly disturbed because of the threat to our future progress as a

nation. He was not visionary. His arguments were couched in sound logic and based upon careful thought. It was in this very close association with my friend in his better days that I came to recognize in him those rare qualities which directly appeal to men. I knew him in the intimacies of those close and confidential contacts which are forever reserved by each one of us for but a few. I knew him in the stress of great turmoil and the depression from worry incident to the deliberation upon weighty problems of state; I knew him, too, when he reveled in the solemn meditations of sadness—when the heart bleeds, and the somber voice pleads for rest and solace, I knew him when he voiced expression and sound logic respecting the future of our Nation—the land he loved and the form of government he professed with unerring devotion. He was as kindly as he was brave. Thus I knew my friend in the days gone by.

My earthly friend, whose memory I will long cherish, lived as he died—and he died as he lived—with the unbending weight of livid problems of the people before him. He was at his post of duty serving his people and his country when the silent summons came. He was unafraid. Within the shadow of the Halls of Congress, where his last efforts in life were so timely and effectively exerted, he calmly wrapped the draperies of his couch about him and laid down as if to peaceful, happy dreams.

Thus the life work of this fine gentleman was ended. The brilliant career of this brilliant man was terminated.

Mr. Speaker, PHILIP ALLEN BENNETT needs no encomium. His life and his living of it stand before us in beauty and in splendor. My humble tribute to him—my good friend—I give in the words spoken of a great hero, in the days gone by when it was said, "This was a man."

And of him I pay the added tribute, in the words of the master of verse—

> Behind the dim unknown
> Standeth God, within the shadow
> Keeping watch above His own.

Remarks by Representative Bennett

Of Missouri

Mr. SPEAKER: This day, May 26, 1943, has been set aside on the busy calendar of the House of Representatives of the United States to pay tribute to the Members who have recently been elevated to serve our Master in his Heavenly Kingdom. On December 7, 1942, I sat in the gallery of this House while the friends of PHIL A. BENNETT, my father, paid eloquent tributes to his soul, which departed from our war-torn world on that fateful day. The Congressional Record of that date, and again on January 7, 1943, carries tributes to PHIL A. BENNETT from those who knew him as a colleague, the gentleman from Missouri, a friend, and a loyal Representative for the Sixth Missouri Congressional District, his State and the Nation. Today I have the privileges of this floor and the honor to fill the office PHIL A. BENNETT occupied with such luster.

What can a son say for the record under these circumstances? There are those among my friends who do me the honor to say that I am fluent of speech. But, Mr. Speaker, my tongue is tied to a bursting heart and eloquence deserts me. There are sons who do not know their fathers. I knew my father. I worked with him and for him. From the time that I was a little boy I shared his hopes, his dreams, his ups and downs, his conception of duty to God and country. I knew his innermost thoughts. It was my privilege to serve as his secretary while he was a Member of Congress. In that capacity I had real opportunity to observe how seriously and with what devotion to duty he carried forward the responsibilities which made him a casualty of this war. Of boundless energy, he did too well and too long, for mortal man, the onerous duties required of his high office.

PHILIP ALLEN BENNETT

My father was, above all things, a Christian. He loved his family and his God. He was next an American patriot. In fact, I often think that his devotion to his country was of a religious nature. In this arena of debate and contention, the Congress of the United States, men naturally differ in their views. PHIL A. BENNETT had his views and he stuck to them. With him a principle compromised was a principle lost. He did not compromise where his country's future and safety were involved. All strong men have strong things said about them, and my father was no exception. But the people loved him for the kind of enemies he made. There could be no better testimony that they did so love him than the confidence they showed in him at the polls on election days and in attendance at his funeral. Of high and low estate, white, black, and yellow men, old men and young, rich and poor, paid homage to PHIL A. BENNETT, regarded him as a friend, and his sudden passing as a personal loss. He was humble; he was sensitive; he was honest; he was without prejudice and hate; he was fearless and forthright and clean. He had an unusual and winning personality which radiated his kindly soul and won him the confidence of a legion of friends.

He was always progressive and forward looking. For instance, he brought to his native county its first cylinder press, linotype, motion pictures, and automobile.

He was the kind of man the poet had in mind when he wrote:

God give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
  Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
  Men who have honor—men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue,
  And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking!
Tall men, sun-crowned, who lift above the fog
  In public duty, and in private thinking.

Some men are known for their great estates. Others are known not for what they possess but for what they represent. My heritage is a rich one, not in dollars but in the things which count in the world. If as a Member of this body, as a man, an American, as a Christian, and as head of my family, I can pass to my sons the heritage which is mine from my father, I feel I will have lived a good life and fought a good fight. A day does not pass that I do not feel his firm but gentle presence. He lives.

'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

I will conclude these remarks for there is nothing more I can say.

Well I know he waits not as of old—
I could not find him in the old time place—
I must pursue him, made by sorrow bold,
Through worlds unknown, in strange celestial race
Whose mystic round no traveler has told,
From star to star, until I see his face.

Remarks by Representative O'Hara

Of Minnesota

Mr. SPEAKER: It was a distinct privilege to have served in the Seventy-seventh Congress with the late PHILIP A. BENNETT, of Missouri. I had reason to become acquainted with him early upon our entry at the same time in the Seventy-seventh Congress, for he represented the district in which my wife was born and reared, and my father-in-law, O. W. White, of Holden, Mo., was his friend. In the special election which was held to fill the vacancy caused by Mr. BENNETT's death, Mr. White was serving as an election official and was stricken in his final illness on the special election day, at which election his son, Hon. Marion T. Bennett, was elected to succeed his father.

PHILIP BENNETT brought with him to Congress a measure of ripe experience both in business and political life. He was one of the new Members of the Seventy-seventh Congress who early established himself as an able and conscientious Representative in that Congress. He not only spoke persuasively and eloquently but he had a gift of writing which is given to few men.

It is a historical fact that during the days of the Seventy-seventh Congress preceding and immediately following the entry of this country into World War No. 2, the responsibilities of the Congress and the individual Members were tremendous. Their hours of labor were long and involved and weighed down with responsibilities. I know that PHILIP BENNETT loved this country and his concern for this Government and for the best interests of the people whom he had the honor of representing weighed upon him heavily. Unquestionably the heavy burden which he bore drew heavily upon his strength and we all know how generously he gave

of that strength. To the end he carried on like the good soldier that he was. He died in the service of his country and his countrymen.

I personally feel a great sense of loss in the passing of Mr. BENNETT. His death is a loss that is difficult to replace for he was a splendid gentleman, an able and conscientious Congressman. This country is a better country because he lived in it.

Remarks by Representative Hall

Of New York

Mr. SPEAKER: On this day we are commemorating the memory of such distinguished Members of the House of Representatives, I want to pay my respects to the late Congressman PHIL A. BENNETT, of Missouri.

Throughout his term of service in the House, Mr. BENNETT was my sincere friend. I learned to love and respect him with increasing admiration. I never knew him to cast a vote on any great issue without first consulting his conscience. His votes reflected conviction rather than political expediency.

Although his distinguished son, Congressman Marion Bennett now represents his district ably and well, his loss will long be felt in Congress. When the people choose more men like PHIL A. BENNETT, our country will be sure of direct and genuine representation in Washington.

Remarks by Representative Cannon

Of Missouri

Mr. SPEAKER: The death of PHILIP A. BENNETT brought to a brief close the legislative career of one of the most promising of all the large number who entered the House in the Seventy-seventh Congress. Few members have made so favorable an impression and have achieved so much in their first term.

The end came so suddenly and so unexpectedly, following almost immediately upon the approval of his record by his district and his reelection to the House, that his colleagues, and particularly the Members of the Missouri delegation, suffer not only a deep sense of loss but a feeling that something inexplicable had happened.

I cannot say and I will not say that he is dead—he is just away;
With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand he has vanished into an unknown land.

PHIL BENNETT was peculiarly gifted as a man, and especially adapted to congressional service. His long experience in newspaper work had given him an insight into character, a familiarity with public issues and the happy faculty of clear and convincing expression, that stood him in good stead on all occasions. He was already attaining an enviable position in the House and was recognized as one of the outstanding men of his delegation. He sleeps while it is yet day.

His people will remember him; his State will remember him, and those who are left in this busy forum will remember him with affection and regard as a comrade and as a friend.

His life was gentle and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world
"This was a man!"

Remarks by Representative Robsion

Of Kentucky

Mr. SPEAKER: Our colleague, Mr. BENNETT of Missouri, was serving his first term but he had been re-elected for his second term. He had served as State Senator and as Lieutenant Governor in his home State of Missouri. Although his district had been represented by an able Democrat for a number of years, Mr. BENNETT was elected to the House in 1940 by a substantial majority and re-elected in 1942 by a greatly increased majority. He had already made his mark in the House as an honest, efficient and able legislator. He, too, had won the respect and esteem of his colleagues on both sides of the aisle. We were greatly shocked and deeply grieved over his death, yet there is some consolation in the fact that his fine son, who is still in his twenties, was elected to take his father's seat in the House, and has already demonstrated he will like his distinguished father, give to his district and to our Nation honest, able, faithful and patriotic service.

In the last year the House lost only 3 Members, the Senate lost none. The year before the House lost 6 and the Senate 4, and 2 years ago the House and Senate together lost approximately 20 Members. We thank our Heavenly Father for having spared the lives of 432 Members of the House and the lives of all 96 Members of the Senate during the past year. May it be our good fortune that no one in the House or Senate during the next year will answer the last roll call, and that we may be strengthened to give greater service to our country in this tragic hour.

Remarks by Representative Ploeser

Of Missouri

Mr. SPEAKER: Under leave to extend my remarks in the Record, I include the funeral sermon of the late Honorable PHILIP A. BENNETT, by Rev. Barton A. Johnson, of Springfield, Mo., and eulogy of the late Honorable PHILIP A. BENNETT by my colleague the gentleman from Missouri, Hon. Dewey Short:

SERMON DELIVERED BY REV. BARTON A. JOHNSON, OF SPRINGFIELD, MO.

INVOCATION

Most holy God, our loving heavenly Father, in whose spiritual likeness we are all created: Thou art our refuge and our strength, a very present help in time of great trouble. Thou hast surrounded us all the days of our life with Thy mercy and loving kindness. Look with pity now upon Thy servants who are overwhelmed with grief. Replenish their failing strength from the reservoir of Thy abounding grace. Comfort and sustain them through the visible and the hidden channels through which Thy grace operates. Increase their faith, we beseech Thee. Grant that they, as countless generations before them, may obtain light for their darkness and healing for their wounded hearts from Thy holy word. Through Jesus Christ, our Lord, we pray. Amen.

(Psalm 23: John 14 (portions); Romans 8 (portions).)

I. OBITUARY

PHIL A. BENNETT was born on a farm in Dallas County, Mo., March 5, 1881. He was the ninth child of Marion Francis and Mary Jane O'Bannon Bennett.

He graduated from the old Springfield Normal and Business College. He thought of education as a continuing process. He had a wide and varied experience. Upon graduating from college he began working as a stenographer for the Frisco Railroad in St. Louis. Then he returned to Buffalo, where for 18 years he served as a progressive newspaperman. His newspaper experience was followed by services as State senator, as lieutenant governor, and finally as Congressman from the Sixth District of Missouri. He survived both success and defeat. He must have been a man who made most

of his own way, for, being a member of a family of 14 children, his parents could not have coddled him. He continued his education in the school of experience; and he learned as he earned.

Mr. BENNETT married Bertha Tinsley, of Buffalo, May 16, 1912. Two children were born to them: Marion, an attorney and his father's secretary; and Mary Edith, a teacher in the Phelps School in Springfield.

Mr. BENNETT was a member of the Odd Fellows and of all the Masonic bodies of the York rite. He was also a member of the Abou Ben Adhem Shrine of Springfield. He was an active member of the South Street Christian Church. He and Mrs. Bennett joined the church April 20, 1924.

His untimely passing is mourned by all kinds of friends from various walks of life. The House of Representatives adjourned out of respect to his memory Monday. I hold in my hand pages from the Congressional Record for Monday, December 7, paying tribute to Mr. Bennett. Friends have been sending telegrams, flowers, letters, and making calls, trying in a sincere way to express sympathy with his stricken wife and children. Besides his wife, his son and wife, and his daughter, he is mourned by five brothers: George W. Bennett, Elkland; James L. Bennett, of Springfield; Gordon Bennett, of Buffalo; Paul Bennett, near Elkland; and Arthur Bennett; and two sisters; Mrs. R. T. Lemons, Halfway; and Mrs. R. H. Williams, Elkland.

II. PERSONAL APPRECIATION

We wish to consider the life of Congressman Bennett from three points of view: As a Christian man, as a husband and father, and as a worthy citizen.

First. He was a Christian man. He was regular in attendance at worship. He was a regular member of the men's bible class of the South Street Christian Church, and one of its teachers for a number of years. He served until his death as an elder of the church, and also as a member of the official board. Moreover, when he was in Washington he was just as regular in attending the Ninth Street Christian Church. Some men would have excused themselves from their religious duties because of the pressure of business in the Capitol. But he continued steadfastly in the fellowship of the church.

The sweet old hymns of the church were a vital part of his faith. The Golden Rule commanded him deeply, and he sought, as best he could, to live by it.

Second, we are moved to think of him as a husband and father. That man has lived well who has won and held the respect of his family. Mr. Bennett's family rise up to do honor to his memory.

This husband and wife loved each other dearly. They trusted each other. They had a splendid home life. The postman handed Mrs. Bennett a letter this Tuesday morning. It was written at 6 p. m. last Saturday night, shortly before her husband was stricken. It was, of course, her last message from him. The arrival of that dear letter broke open the wound in her heart. Yet this last personal message, written in the pattern of their deep mutual understanding and affection is precious beyond words to her. There are hosts of people who would give all they possess for a few fleeting moments of the domestic felicity this man and wife regularly enjoyed.

This family enjoyed being together. We know, unfortunately, that there are families who put up a passably good front together in public, but who quarrel bitterly behind closed doors. Quite to the contrary, this family enjoyed being together. That man has lived well who wins and holds the trust and the love of his family.

Third, we think of Mr. Bennett as a citizen. It was in the course of discharging his obligations as a citizen that he became a Congressman.

He had personal convictions, and acted upon them. We are obliged to respect the man with personal convictions, whether we agree with him or not; the man who struggles to inform himself upon the issues before us, and who comes forth to make any enduring contribution. He lives up to the high privileges of his manhood and his citizenship. Mr. Bennett spoke his mind freely on the issues before us. Because of his outspokenness he made many enemies, but also he made many fast friends.

He took his responsibility as the Representative of his constituency seriously. He regarded his office as a trust. He was a tireless worker. His physicians believe his untimely death came as the result of overwork and worry. He tried to do his duty honestly as he saw it.

Mr. Bennett believed passionately in the democratic processes. He was a member of "the loyal opposition." He understood democracy to make a place specifically for the free expression of the minority point of view. He thought that a strong, alert minority had not only a right but also a duty to perform as the critic of the majority. He loved his country sincerely. No one who knew him ever questioned that.

He took an active part in the life of his community. It is most refreshing to find those noble persons who feel an obligation to help build a better community, rather than to live off of it.

III. COMFORT FROM GOD'S WORD

When all human words have been spoken, the enduring comfort comes from God's Holy Word. We read in Romans 8: 28 these noble words: "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are called in terms of His purpose."

Does it seem almost impossible to believe the truth of this passage in the face of this unexpected, bitter loss? If this passage should be made to crawl on all fours it would be repulsive.

What, then, does this passage mean? Certainly it does not mean that all the things we experience are good in themselves. All of us have repeatedly had experiences which can only be described as bitter and exceedingly hard to endure.

This statement is to be understood as a mighty affirmation of faith. This affirmation covers Paul's attitude toward the entire span of life. He is not thinking in terms of isolated moments but in terms of the direction, the ultimate outcome of life. He affirmed that God means good for those who live lives of trust and obedience. He affirmed that in spite of many, many trials and bitter losses, that God intends life itself, the sum total of our living, to be good, and to lead us into closer fellowship with the Father. Two cooperating factors joined together to enable the apostle to make this affirmation of great faith.

First, Paul was sustained by a profound conception of God. A man's conception of God is the most valuable insight he possesses, for as he thinks of God, so will his courage be, so will his morals be, so will his service be.

Paul's conception of God was based upon the insight he got into God's nature through the life and death and resurrection of Jesus Christ. The prophet Isaiah had an exceedingly high conception of God. He said, "I saw the Lord, high and lifted up, and His glory filled the whole temple." By these words he meant to convey the sublime truth that he had an exalted vision of God—far higher than any had had previously. It was so high that it filled him with a sense of personal unworthiness. Higher, far higher yet was Paul's conception of God. Not only was He holy and merciful, but He was a loving Father, working in all the ways open to Him for our good. Paul saw God in the character and life of Jesus. He saw God sometimes temporarily defeated but never abandoning the flight for right. He saw God running the risks love has to run. He saw God as the moral hero of the universe. He experienced God as a sustaining power

within his own soul. He found that through living as Christ had lived he was brought into a saving, satisfying relationship with the Creator, the eternal moral hero, the judge of all the earth, the loving Father. Paul had a very high conception of God.

Second, the most distinguishing fact about Paul is the fact that he lived a life of trust and obedience. He was a "surrendered man," by which he meant that he kept his thoughts, his acts, his life in harmony with the holy purposes of God. He sought sincerely to discover and do God's holy will. He walked closely with Christ, and Christ led him to God. The tactics of the German army have been characterized by the old strategy of "divide and conquer." They like to drive a wedge into the lines of their enemy in order to split them up into little groups, to disrupt their lines of communication and supply, and then decimate them separately. Paul allowed no enemy, however powerful, to drive a wedge between him and Christ Jesus. He was a "surrendered man," he was not disobedient until the heavenly vision.

In the third place, his noble conception of God and his unswerving obedience to God joined together to produce a sustaining power, a spring of inexhaustible power within him. His power to live came from his religion.

How did Paul behave in the most trying situations? He was arrested in Jerusalem while on an errand of Christian reconciliation. Finally he was taken as a prisoner to Rome where he had longed to go as a missionary. Any man without Paul's faith would have been utterly discouraged. Most of us would have concluded that our hope was groundless. We would have felt that God did not care. Still other men would become sullen and remorseful. But not Paul. In spite of the shattering of his long-cherished dream to go to Rome and on to Spain, in spite of the violent termination of his public ministry, he maintained his unflagging interest in life, his sense of responsibility for the welfare of the churches, and his unshakable faith in God. He wrote glorious letters from his Roman prison which defy prison walls, which turned those very walls into a sounding board which made them echo and reecho down the lengthening corridors of the generations. He had nothing external upon which to depend. Nevertheless, inexhaustible power welled up within him. That power sprang from his faith, and it enabled him to make the best of an exceedingly difficult situation.

Let us then, sustained by a life-forming conception of the goodness of God, living a life of trust in God and obedience to Him, rely upon our faith in God. Such faith will sanctify and sweeten even our sorrows. Let us, like the Apostle, face every crushing blow

and soaring triumph with the determination to meet each in the very best manner possible. If we love God sincerely and yield ourselves unreservedly to His holy purposes, if we do our very best in every situation, let us have faith to believe that God will yet bless us with the crown of a good life. He does not intend to crush us with wrath, but to bless us with His loving kindness. His mercy endureth forever.

Such a faith is both a possibility and a reality. Robert Browning knew what faith meant when he wrote of the dauntless disciple:

"One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed that though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.
"No! at noonday in the bustle of a man's worktime
Greet the unseen with a cheer:
Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,
'Strive and thrive!' cry, 'Speed—fight on, fare ever There as here!' "

—From the Epilogue, by Robert Browning.

PRAYER

Our Father and our God: Grant unto Thy bereaved servants a splendid and nobler vision of Thee, that knowing Thee in all the plentitude of Thy goodness they may more fully trust Thee, "Whom to know is life eternal." May they confidently trust Thee even where they cannot see; and be instant in obedience to Thy holy will. Thus like the great apostile, and all the faithful, they will be sustained inwardly by Thy grace, strengthened through faith, and comforted by the Holy Spirit. Through Jesus Christ, our Lord, Amen.

—

HON. DEWEY SHORT'S EULOGY OF PHIL A. BENNETT, DECEMBER 10, 1942, AT SPRINGFIELD, MO.

"Sunset and evening star, and one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar when I put out to sea,
But such a tide as moving seems asleep, too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep turns again home.
Twilight and evening bell—and after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell when I embark;
For, though from out our bourne of time and place the flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face when I have crossed the bar."

Friends, we all feel things at this moment which no one can say and we discover that language, after all, is a rather weak and impotent vehicle to give utterance to the deep emotions that well up

in our hearts when those dear and beloved ones whom we love as much as life itself are suddenly taken away. On such a sad and solemn occasion as this, silence—perhaps a sacred silence—is the most eloquent tribute we could pay to the one whom we have known, many of us most of our lives, for whom we had the highest respect, and whom we held in dear and fond affection. When I look over this vast throng and the many who are outside unable to get into these many different rooms, and see faces of old friends, and faces of new ones, men and women who have traveled long distances and many miles, who have come not only out of the district that our departed friend so faithfully and well represented in the Congress of the United States but who have come from regions outside and beyond the borders of the great district he represented, it convinces me that Phil Bennett's life was not lived in vain. And these many beautiful floral offerings here today are a silent but a beautiful and convincing tribute to a mind that was honest, to a heart that was good, to a soul that was dedicated to the service of God and his fellow men. Death is no respector of persons. It levels our differences. Sometimes it strikes with sudden fury; at other times over long periods it exacts through bitter pain and great suffering the final toll that each and every one of us must pay.

"Death comes with a crawl, it comes with a pounce,
But whether slow or spry, it is not the fact you are dead that counts, but only,
How did you die?"

Our friend whom we are here today to pay tribute to had a long and distinguished political career, starting when he was a very young man. He was born and reared in one of the counties of my district. He was one of a large family of pioneer, patriotic ancestors. Going back to the American Revolution and down through all the years, his forefathers fought not only to establish this Republic, but to save this Union. After graduating from school he taught school. He taught in a country school, where he learned to know human nature as it actually is. For many years he edited a country newspaper making it one of the outstanding periodicals of its kind in the State. He served as chairman of his county committee, on the State committee, was chairman of his congressional committee; he was elected to the State senate and he was a faithful worker. Later he was elected Lieutenant Governor, then defeated for the nomination for Governor of this great Commonwealth. Phil Bennett knew both victory and defeat. He felt the glory of triumph at times and he tasted also the

bitterness of defeat and disillusionment. But, he could win without crowing and could lose without crabbing. He was strong in adversity and he was humble in victory. Later when many people thought he was through politically speaking, because of severe reverses—he had lost and suffered as many of us did during the long years of the depression—because of his strength of character and his word as a man, more than his cunning as a politician, he was elected to the Congress of the United States, and again elected, which proves the high confidence that the people of this great district had in him, the respect and love they had for him.

Yes; character counts. He knew the fleeting, passing character of temporal fame; he was a strong partisan, but he loved his party only as an instrument, an agency, or a vehicle through which he could serve his country. He believed in party government and strong partisan though he was, he had honest respect for those who differed with him and were as loyal to their party as he was to his. He believed in party government and party responsibility because he thought that kind of government best served the welfare of all.

After this irresistible onslaught of death that cuts indiscriminately through our ranks, Vice President HENRY WALLACE, and the Speaker of the House, named the Senior United States Senator, BENNETT CHAMP CLARK, and Representatives BELL, PLOESER, and myself, colleagues of this worthy man, to come here from the Nation's Capital—we who have served in the same body with him and who testify that since coming to Congress in the past years, few men have spent more hours on the floor of the House, worked more diligently, or spent longer, more tedious hours in the office answering the mail and correspondence that comes to us in these trying days and times than did Phil Bennett. He was faithful to his task. He was a good, loyal servant. He was a great warrior, and he died on the front line of battle. He gave his life for his country as much as young men in the line of combat, whether it be in the far-off Solomons, the Aleutians, or on the desert sands of Africa.

Friends, it was never very easy to serve in public life even in normal times and in these days of uncertainty and of trial, in this hour when our Nation is being given a baptism with fire, when all that we have or own or ever hope to be is at stake, we must be big enough to put the welfare of our country above our own little personal political fortunes, forget partisanship; and realize we are all Americans and join hands, heads, and hearts, to put out the flame, else we will all be consumed. The onerous burdens are multiplied today, the heavy responsibility resting upon the shoul-

ders of the heads of the Nation, I can testify, regardless of party, is exacting a toll among our membership that is terrific.

Phil Bennett died in the harness, and God bless him, that is the way he would have chosen to go. After all, he had much to be grateful for. His people had honored him; God had given him one of the finest pioneer families that ever was born, and then he was blessed with a lovely wife, a fine son, and a beautiful daughter. He had a lot to be thankful for. And he was so sincere, so honest, so earnest, so devoted to duty, with a patriotism that burned with a passion, if you please, because he loved his God and he loved his country, and he loved his family. But these great increasing duties in recent months told upon him. I told him he was working too hard in Congress and in the campaign, and Phil was inclined to worry.

He was not thick-skinned but he was a sensitive soul and, of course, anyone who has ever gone through the fire knows how deeply he was cut at times, perhaps by harsh words and unfair words that were spoken not in a spirit of malice but in a way that told upon him. Well, he is gone; we could ill afford to lose such a man. Sixty-one years is not long. To our little finite minds it seems a life was cut short. He did not live as long as some men but he lived a full, rich, and rounded life. He had received honors. God had blessed him and with that religious conviction that was his he gained solace and comfort from a source greater than any human well of inspiration and comfort could give.

"Let me live out my years in heat of blood!
Let me die drunken with the dreamer's wine!
Let me not see this soul-house built of mud
Go toppling to the dust—a vacant shrine.

Let me go quickly, like a candlelight
Snuffed out just at the heyday of its glow.
Give me high noon—and let it then be night!
Thus would I go.

And grant that when I face the grisly thing,
My song may trumpet down the gray perhaps.
Oh, let me be a tune-swept fiddlestring
That feels the master melody—and snaps!"

Phil Bennett went like a candlelight snuffed out just at the heyday of its glow. He escaped long suffering and bitter pain, hard work, worry and concern over the Nation, and sharing the anxiety of those fathers and mothers of boys who are out there fighting and dying in this hour. He lived long enough to know and to feel like

a tune-swept fiddlestring, the master melody, and then he snapped. But, his spirit lives on. And we who have been fortunate enough to have known him, to have been associated with him, who have worked with him and worried with him, are thanking God for the rich legacy of his precious memory, stronger than iron, than bands and hoops of steel, that welded our hearts together as we worked and toiled and fought, and as we must sometime die, in the harness we hope. He went, trying earnestly to serve both God and country well. May God's richest blessing and the faith that was in Phil Bennett comfort and sustain his widow and children, even unto the perfect day.

Proceedings
in the
House of Representatives

Proceedings in the House

MONDAY, *December 7, 1942.*

The Chaplain, Rev. James Shera Montgomery, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Members will please rise, and remain standing in silence, in memory of our sacred dead at Pearl Harbor.

O holy and merciful God, we are weak; Thou art mighty. Use our weakness to magnify Thy strength. Let no threatening or suffering loss appall us. Do Thou awaken in us a buoyant hope and a compelling courage, forging a mutual life in a mutual world. Dear Lord, after every storm the skies clear, and for every problem there is a solution. Grant that an urgent duty may course through the veins of our being, trusting in the absolute triumph of the right and in peace with justice after victory.

With Thine approval, grant that strong wills may drive our purpose on with a chivalrous faith in a victorious tomorrow when the iron-toned discords of military vandals shall be no more. Thou who art of infinite goodness wilt not mock our prayers, and no love at Thine altar will vainly plead. On this day which marks our destiny, let a marvelous power knit all hearts under the influence of the fiery solvent of adversity. We pray that our deep sympathy for the lonely and our admiration for the brave men who formed a wall of fortitude may be as enduring as memory. Dear Lord, inspire our country to bear a clear title to our flag, whose colors symbolize everything that is good and great in the being of man. Oh, help us to carry on; carry on until the United Nations mount as do eagles. Again, O Lord, the alarm has sounded. An honored Member has fallen amid deserved honors and abundant labors. Give comfort to the strickened fireside. Let us all remember that life is a climbing vine

that blossoms on the other side of the wall. Through Christ. Amen.

Mr. PLOESER. Mr. Speaker, I offer a resolution (H. Res. 581) which I send to the desk.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of HON. PHILIP A. BENNETT, a Representative from the State of Missouri.

Resolved, That a committee of four Members of the House with such Members of the Senate as may be joined be appointed to attend the funeral.

Resolved, That the Sergeant at Arms of the House be authorized and directed to take such steps as may be necessary for carrying out the provisions of these resolutions and that the necessary expenses in connection therewith be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

The SPEAKER. The gentleman from Missouri is recognized.

Mr. PLOESER. Mr. Speaker, all of us have learned with profound regret the passing of our colleague, PHIL BENNETT, of Missouri. It was most unexpected. It was a shock to all. Saturday evening while on his way to attend a theater with his son and daughter-in-law, he was stricken with a heart attack. It was at 5 o'clock this morning that we lost him.

PHIL BENNETT was one of the best friends I have had. I have known him for probably 18 years. Some years back I watched with great admiration the splendid record that he made in the Senate of the State of Missouri. I later watched his elevation to the lieutenant governorship of the State of Missouri. He arrived in Washington with me, to serve in this House. I can honestly say that never in my life have I known a more honest or courageous or sincere public servant. Men of both parties admired and loved PHIL BENNETT.

He is a native Missourian. He was born on a farm in Buffalo, Dallas County, Mo. After receiving a good education PHIL BENNETT, when still hardly more than a boy, became the

editor and publisher of a newspaper known as the Reflex, in Buffalo, Mo. Citizen BENNETT was from that point on a public servant, whether in office or out of office.

He was never known to compromise with evil; never known to compromise in the slightest with anything he though was wrong. Politics to him was a career in which there existed an undying obligation to State and Nation and to the people, and he never once forgot it. We are the more saddened because Mrs. Bennett was in Missouri at the time of his passing. His son—and a mighty fine son—of whom any father could be proud, was at his bedside in the last moments. He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Bertha Tinsley Bennett, by his son, Marion T. Bennett, and by his daughter, Mary Edith Bennett.

Probably the greatest campaign he ever waged in politics was won by him this year in the general election. Seldom has a public servant in Missouri been more viciously and falsely maligned than was PHIL BENNETT this year; but he stood stalwart, never turning his head to the left or to the right or giving recognition to his critics. He knew the direction he was going. He had served well. He had kept the faith. I do not believe there was ever a moment when he doubted the decision of the people whom he knew and loved so well; and the people did not fail him. He has never failed them.

One of the outstanding accomplishments to his credit was his co-authorship of the Missouri centennial road law, as a Member of the Missouri Senate, which, as many of you know, made Missouri one of the great States of the Union in the development of the hard road system. He took pride in that—justifiable pride. He also took justifiable pride in the fact that as the presiding officer over the Missouri Senate for 4 years never was a decision challenged.

He was a man of a mighty dear family and he loved that family. He was a good Christian man, an active worker and teacher and disciple in the church. It was only last Saturday that PHIL BENNETT had luncheon with a group of us here in the Capitol. He was enjoying splendid health. I can

remember our conversation as we walked back to his office, when he expressed thanks to his Maker that he had the privilege of having been elected one of the members of the Seventy-eighth Congress to come. He referred to it as the period of internal reconstruction of the America he loved so well. But these are cruel times and even the stoutest hearts may not endure physically; so we shall not have PHIL BENNETT with us in the Seventy-eighth Congress. Never was there failure in his spirit or in his courage. As one of his closer friends I feel that there is an especial obligation to help carry out some of the plans and the principles and the philosophies in which he and I agreed.

PHIL BENNETT was an able legislator; we shall miss him. He was a devoted father and husband; his loved ones will miss him. He was an outstanding Missourian; Missouri will miss his representation. He was as fine an American as ever walked this land; America will miss him. He was as great a friend as any man could hope to hold; I shall miss him.

Mr. Speaker, I yield such time as he may desire to the gentleman from Mississippi [Mr. Rankin].

Mr. RANKIN of Mississippi. Mr. Speaker, Members on the Democratic side, and especially those of us who served with Mr. BENNETT on the Committee on World War Veterans Legislation, who had learned to know and love him, join the Missouri delegation in paying our final tribute to one of Missouri's most faithful public servants.

During the time that I served in the House, many of our best men, our most outstanding Members, have served with me on that committee. I recall our late lamented friend, Royal Johnson, who was chairman for many years and whose son is now a prisoner of war somewhere in Japan. I remember Mr. Sweet, of New York, who met his tragic death in an airplane accident some years ago; and Bird Vincent, of Michigan, one of the most conscientious and reliable Members I have ever known. These were Members of the opposite party. Along with them have passed away many

on our own side. I can say without fear of contradiction that the servicemen of this Nation never had a better friend in this House than PHIL BENNETT of Missouri.

One year ago today the greatest calamity that ever happened to the American Navy occurred at Pearl Harbor. The facts were published on yesterday for the first time. Incidentally, I hope it will not be that long before we find out the real facts about what happened to the French Navy.

There was an element in this country which undertook to go behind Pearl Harbor and to question the patriotism of every man who did not agree with their crazy whims prior to that time. They concentrated on PHIL BENNETT of Missouri, and their attacks were resented by those stalwart Americans who constitute the rank and file in his congressional district. There was not a more patriotic man in this House than PHIL BENNETT. I am a Democrat, always have been, and probably always will be. He was a Republican, always had been, and probably would have been if he had lived for many more decades. I have long since learned to measure men in this House by their abilities, their integrities, their devotion to principle, and not by party ties or alleged party affiliations.

PHIL BENNETT believed in the cause for which we are fighting this war, not for the establishment of an international W. P. A., not for the establishment of a drainage project on the Ganges, a T. V. A. on the Danube, or a reclamation experiment on the Orinoco. He believed, as I do, that we are fighting for the preservation of American institutions, for the preservation of those things that our fathers established passed down to us through the Constitution of the United States, the Declaration of Independence, the Bill of Rights, and all the sacred documents of Federal and State Governments of this Union. He believed not in "mobocracy"; he knew that this is a republic, a representative government; and when his eyes turned to behold for the last time the flag above this Capitol he was deeply conscious of the fact that

one of its bright stars glittered to the glorious name of Missouri.

These are trying times; no one knows what lies ahead, but I am afraid to see the American people and a large element of the American press now driving to cover those elements that would create dissension among our ranks and attempt to poison the public mind against a public servant because, forsooth, he had the courage to vote his convictions.

PHIL BENNETT was a personal friend of mine. I for one shall miss him. His name to me will be linked with many others with whom I have served most intimately and who have now passed to the Great Beyond.

When I remember all the friends
So linked together
I have seen around me fall
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed.

PHIL BENNETT is gone, but not forgotten; his memory will live on. Peace to his ashes!

Mr. PLOESER. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Kansas [Mr. REES].

Mr. REES of Kansas—

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud,
Like a swift-flitting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passes from life to his rest in the grave.

We bow in humility and reverence this morning to the Great Creator of the universe. Our colleague, our friend PHIL BENNETT, has taken his leave from our midst. He has gone to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns.

PHIL BENNETT was my good friend, and he was a friend of the Members of this House. PHIL BENNETT was loyal. PHIL BENNETT was sincere. He was faithful to the task assigned him.

He represented the people of his district in this House with dignity and honor. PHIL BENNETT did not seek notoriety or applause. He was a wise legislator and a gentleman of the highest order.

PHIL BENNETT was kind, he was considerate of others, he had the deepest sense of justice, and he was truly a Christian gentleman.

Good-bye, good friend.
In God's good time,
In God's good clime,
We will meet again.

And in that land
Where we shall know
No pain or woe,
We'll understand.

Mr. PLOESER. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Missouri [Mr. Bell].

Mr. BELL. Mr. Speaker, as I look about me this morning on both sides of the aisle I realize that the hearts of you, my colleagues, are saddened this morning to know of the passing of our distinguished Member from Missouri, Mr. BENNETT. While it had not been my pleasure to know him throughout the many years that he has been a public servant of the people of this country, I did become acquainted with him almost immediately after he came to Washington to serve his district in Missouri as a Member of the Congress. Although my personal acquaintance started at that time, I had known of him for many years as a distinguished, patriotic public servant from my own State. I belonged to an opposing political party. I was a Democrat and he was a Republican. I belonged to a different school of thought to some degree. I was thrown in some measure with a dif-

ferent group of people than he was. Yet throughout the long years I knew him as a public servant in Missouri never once did I hear man, woman, or child say one word which to my mind impugned his honesty, his integrity, his high patriotism, and his devotion to the State of Missouri and to the country which he loved.

As has been stated, he served in the Senate of Missouri in a distinguished way. He also served as Lieutenant Governor of Missouri. I had known his friends who knew him intimately, and they all agreed that he was a man who moved by the very highest principles.

When he came to Washington, I do not think he had been here more than 2 or 3 days until he did me the courtesy of dropping into my office to see me. After that we became better acquainted. This acquaintanceship, which ripened into friendship, has done much to enrich my life, because every time I met him I realized how high was his devotion to duty. I sensed the fine principles which moved his every thought and action. He was truly a Christian gentleman. He was truly a man who loved his friends, who loved his family, as he loved his country.

These are troublous times in which we are living. Again and again, since I have been a Member of this body for the last 8 years, I have learned of the passing of one of my colleagues. Yet in all of the years I have been here I have never known any man who to my mind took his duties more seriously, a man who was moved by a greater love for that flag which hangs above the rostrum here. These are days when every American should forget that he is a Democrat or Republican. It is a time when our hearts should rejoice, to know that among this body are men to whom this great country of ours is greater than any political party; that we have among us men who are devoted to the fine principles and the high ideals which were set down for us by our forefathers when they founded this great country. So it is with sadness that I join my colleagues today in paying, in my humble

way, tribute to the memory of this able, distinguished, and patriotic gentleman who has just left us.

Mr. PLOESER. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from New York [Mr. Reed].

Mr. REED of New York. Mr. Speaker, on this day of the sudden, sad departure of our colleague, PHILIP BENNETT, of Missouri, I shall say only this: "If the love and esteem of Thy fellowmen could have saved Thee, Thou hadst not died."

Mr. PLOESER. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Oklahoma [Mr. Rizley].

Mr. RIZLEY. Mr. Speaker, it was with deep regret and profound sorrow that I learned this morning from a radio broadcast of the untimely passing of my friend and colleague, PHIL BENNETT.

It was only quite natural that since coming from the same general section of the country, beginning our service as freshmen in the Seventy-seventh Congress, that we should become quite well acquainted. Many of the problems peculiar to his congressional district were likewise peculiar to my own district; and there has scarcely been a day when the Congress was in session that we did not visit either on the floor or in the cloak room.

From these more or less intimate visits I learned to know him quite intimately and well, and to know and appreciate his philosophy of life and his philosophy of government. He was first of all a Christian gentleman.

He was old-fashioned enough to still believe implicitly in the three coordinate branches of our Government, and to believe that none of the three should attempt to usurp the powers, duties, and responsiblities of the other. He was committed to a philosophy that all that the Government owes to any individual is to keep the channels of opportunity open and even.

He adhered to the principle that "what is right demands not only our respect, but our support as well."

He was an untiring worker, and often expressed an abiding faith that the good judgment and common sense of the American people would bring us out all right in the end.

A good man has gone to his reward. His family, his friends, and the people whom he so faithfully represented will miss him. They are to be consoled by the fact, however, that he was always faithful to every trust.

Mr. PLOESER. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Michigan [Mr. Michener].

Mr. MICHENER. Mr. Speaker, one of the compensations coming to Members of Congress is the associations formed by us as we go about our daily work. It is, therefore, a privilege for me to rise with the others to pay my tribute of love, honor, and respect to the life, character, and public service of the late Representative PHILIP A. BENNETT, of Missouri.

His sudden death was a distinct shock to all of us. On last Saturday he was with us, apparently in robust health. That evening he was stricken. This morning he answered the final summons.

Measured by itme, his service in Congress was all too brief, but during that period of service he made his way into the hearts of his colleagues. Blessed with a charming personality, a thorough knowledge of public affairs, and an intense loyalty to his constituents, he has made a place for himself in the councils of his party and in the Congress.

He was direct, frank, and unafraid in the discussion of legislation. His integrity was never questioned. His manner was persuasive and his reasoning was cogent. He believed thoroughly in what we are wont to call today the American way of life. He was able, industrious, and, last but not least, tolerant. The memory of this good man will linger with us long.

Mr. PLOESER. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Nebraska [Mr. Copeland].

Mr. COPELAND. Mr. Speaker, PHIL BENNETT was also one of my closest personal friends and his passing leaves a vacant place in this House and in the hearts of his real friends—and to whom he in turn was a real friend—that will never be completely filled. It was my good fortune to meet him, his gracious wife, and family almost immediately upon my arrival in Washington 2 years ago, and I came to rely greatly upon his counsel and advice. His experience qualified him for the exalted position he held—a position not only high in politics, but a position equally high in the hearts of every friend and acquaintance—experience gained by a full life of public service—and a life fully dominated and controlled by Christian motives. His friends loved him and his opponents respected him. The great State of Missouri has suffered an irreparable loss, and it is my prayer that his family may be consoled and comforted in the knowledge that this Christian husband and father gave a full life of love, devotion, and service to them and also to the State and Nation that he loved so well.

Mr. PLOESER. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Iowa [Mr. Cunningham].

Mr. CUNNINGHAM. Mr. Speaker, in the passing of PHIL BENNETT I feel a deep personal loss, and my heart goes out to the members of his family. PHIL BENNETT was one of the first men with whom I became well acquainted on coming to Congress. His advice, his counsel, and his friendship will ever be cherished by me.

In his passing the Congress lost a valuable Member, the State of Missouri a valuable citizen, and the State of Iowa a good friend and a good neighbor.

Paraphrasing the words of the Apostle Paul, PHIL BENNETT fought a good fight, he kept the faith, he finished his course; henceforth, there is laid up for him treasure in the hearts of all who knew him.

Mr. PLOESER. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Ohio [Mr. Smith].

Mr. SMITH of Ohio. Mr. Speaker, the sudden death of Mr. PHILIP A. BENNETT came as a shock to me. He had his office just a few doors from mine. Since meeting him when he first came to Congress I became very well acquainted with him. I can sincerely say that I regarded Mr. BENNETT as a man of the highest integrity. I trusted him and had confidence in his forthrightfulness and ability. I valued greatly his friendship. He was an inspiration to me. The passing of Mr. BENNETT is a great sorrow to me and I shall always cherish the pleasant memory of my association with him.

Mr. PLOESER. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Kansas [Mr. Lambertson].

Mr. LAMBERTSON. Mr. Speaker, he went down as a kingly cedar green with boughs goes down, with a shout upon the hills—and leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

The longer on this earth I live and weigh the various qualities of men, the more I see the stern high-featured beauty of plain devotedness to duty; steadfast and still not paid with mortal praise, but finding amplest recompense from life's ungarlanded moments in hours well spent and unwasted days.

Cardinal Wolsey's dying words to Cromwell:

Fear not, let all the ends thou aimest at be thy country's, thy God's, and truth's; and then if thou fallest, O Cromwell, thou fallest a blessed martyr.

Mr. PLOESER. Mr. Speaker, I yield now to the gentleman from New York [Mr. William T. Pheiffer].

Mr. WILLIAM T. PHEIFFER. Mr. Speaker, regardless of how long or how brief my tenure as a Member of the House may be, I shall always count among my finest privileges and most uplifting experiences while here my association and friendship with PHIL BENNETT. During these past 2 years I have had full opportunity to observe and evaluate his fine qualities, his spirituality, his everlasting devotion to the truth, and to those things which count most in life. At a time like this there is no center aisle in the House. We have

all lost a great and a noble comrade. We are given some consolation in the abiding faith that a Divine Providence has ordered all things well, and that the indominable spirit of PHIL BENNETT will go marching along with us wherever the cause of true Americanism and our devotion to those immutable principles and ideals which have made our country great, may lead us. With Longfellow we may truly say: "Dead he is not, but departed"—for the great in spirit never die.

Mr. PLOESER. Mr. Speaker, I yield now to the gentleman from Kansas [Mr. GUYER].

Mr. GUYER. Mr. Speaker, I join with the delegation of the State of Missouri in paying tribute to PHILIP A BENNETT, a most distinguished member of their delegation whose unexpected death we all mourn this morning. It seems impossible that so soon this strong man should be touched by the hand of death. But—

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all—
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death.

I am reminded again of the mortality in this House. I have been a Member of the House for almost 16 years. I have served under 7 Speakers, 5 of whom have answered the last roll call. The ever-increasing exactions of our service here has increased this mortality beyond what it was in the earlier years of our history. Mr. William Tyler Page, whose recent death we mourned, served as an officer of this House for over 60 years, yet he only served under 14 Speakers. In the earlier days Speakers were elected at an earlier age than they are at this time, which to some degree accounts for the difference. But the increasing exactions of the office account, no doubt, for most of the disparity.

I have known Mr. BENNETT for over 15 years and for the past 2 years intimately, having lived those 2 years in the same hotel. I knew him, too, down in his home in Springfield

as a public official, as senator and Lieutenant Governor. Our districts join for nearly 100 miles along that line which divided Kansas and Missouri in the days of the struggle which made Kansas a free State. All that old animosity has disappeared and the people of these border counties are now friends just like Mr. BENNETT and I were these past years. Mr. BENNETT was one of my closest friends in the House since he came, and I can testify to the mental and moral superiority of this Christian gentleman. I have never known a Member for whom I entertained higher respect nor one who deserved it more. In his passing Missouri lost a devoted, conscientious, public servant, and the Nation a patriotic and most discriminating statesman.

Mr. PLOESER. Mr. Speaker, it is with regret that I have to announce that our colleague [Mr. Dewey Short] is absent from Washington at present on business. I know that he will be greatly saddened because of not having an oportunity upon receipt of the shocking news of Mr. BENNETT'S death, to pay his tribute in person as others have done.

The SPEAKER. The question is on agreeing to the resolution.

The resolution was agreed to.

The SPEAKER appointed Mr. Short, Mr. Duncan, Mr. Bell, and Mr. Ploeser to attend the funeral of Mr. BENNETT.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will report the final resolution.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect this House do now adjourn.

The SPEAKER. The question is on agreeing to the resolution.

The resolution was agreed to.

Accordingly (at 12 o'clock and 59 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned until tomorrow, Tuesday, December 8, 1942, at 12 o'clock noon.

PHILIP ALLEN BENNETT

TUESDAY, *December 8, 1942.*

A message from the Senate, by Mr. Frazier, its legislative clerk, announced that the Senate had adopted the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. PHILIP A. BENNETT, late a Representative from the State of Missouri.

Resolved, That a committee of two Senators be appointed by the Presiding Officer of the Senate to join the committee appointed on the part of the House of Representatives to attend the funeral of the deceased Representative.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the Senate do now take a recess until 12 o'clock noon tomorrow.

The message also announced that pursuant to the above resolution, the Presiding Officer of the Senate appointed Mr. Clark of Missouri and Mr. Truman members of the committee on the part of the Senate.

Proceedings
in the
United States Senate

Proceedings in the Senate

MONDAY, *December 7, 1942.*

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. Swanson, one of its clerks, communicated to the Senate the intelligence of the death of Hon. Philip A. Bennett, late a Representative from the State of Missouri, and transmitted the resolutions of the House thereon.

Mr. BARKLEY. I move that the Senate resume the consideration of legislative business.

The motion was agreed to; and the Senate resumed consideration of legislative business.

The PRESIDING OFFICER laid before the Senate a resolution (H. Res. 581) from the House of Representatives, which was read as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, UNITED STATES,
December 7, 1942.

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. PHILIP A. BENNETT, a Representative from the State of Missouri.

Resolved, That a committee of four Members of the House, with such Members of the Senate as may be joined, be appointed to attend the funeral.

Resolved, That the Sergeant at Arms of the House be authorized and directed to take such steps as may be necessary for carrying out the provision of these resolutions and that the necessary expenses in connection therewith be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect the House do now adjourn.

Mr. CLARK of Missouri. Mr. President, I offer a resolution, which I send to the desk and ask to have read, and immediately considered.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The resolution submitted by the Senator from Missouri will be read.

The resolution (S. Res. 331) was read, considered by unanimous consent, and unanimously agreed to, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. PHILIP A. BENNETT, late a Representative from the State of Missouri.

Resolved, That a committee of two Senators be appointed by the Presiding Officer to join the committee appointed on the part of the House of Representatives to attend the funeral of the deceased Representative.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. As the committee provided for in the resolution the Chair appoints the senior Senator from Missouri [Mr. Clark] and the junior Senator from Missouri [Mr. Truman].

Mr. CLARK of Missouri. Mr. President, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased Representative, I move that the Senate take a recess until 12 o'clock noon tomorrow.

The motion was unanimously agreed to; and (at 5 o'clock and 15 minutes p. m.) the Senate took a recess until Tuesday, December 8, 1942, at 12 o'clock noon.

Date Due

Library Bureau Cat. no. 1137.3

2-20-46

188246

B
B472u

Memorial services held in the main
B B472u

3 1262 03187 4661

FLARE

FLARE
31262031874661